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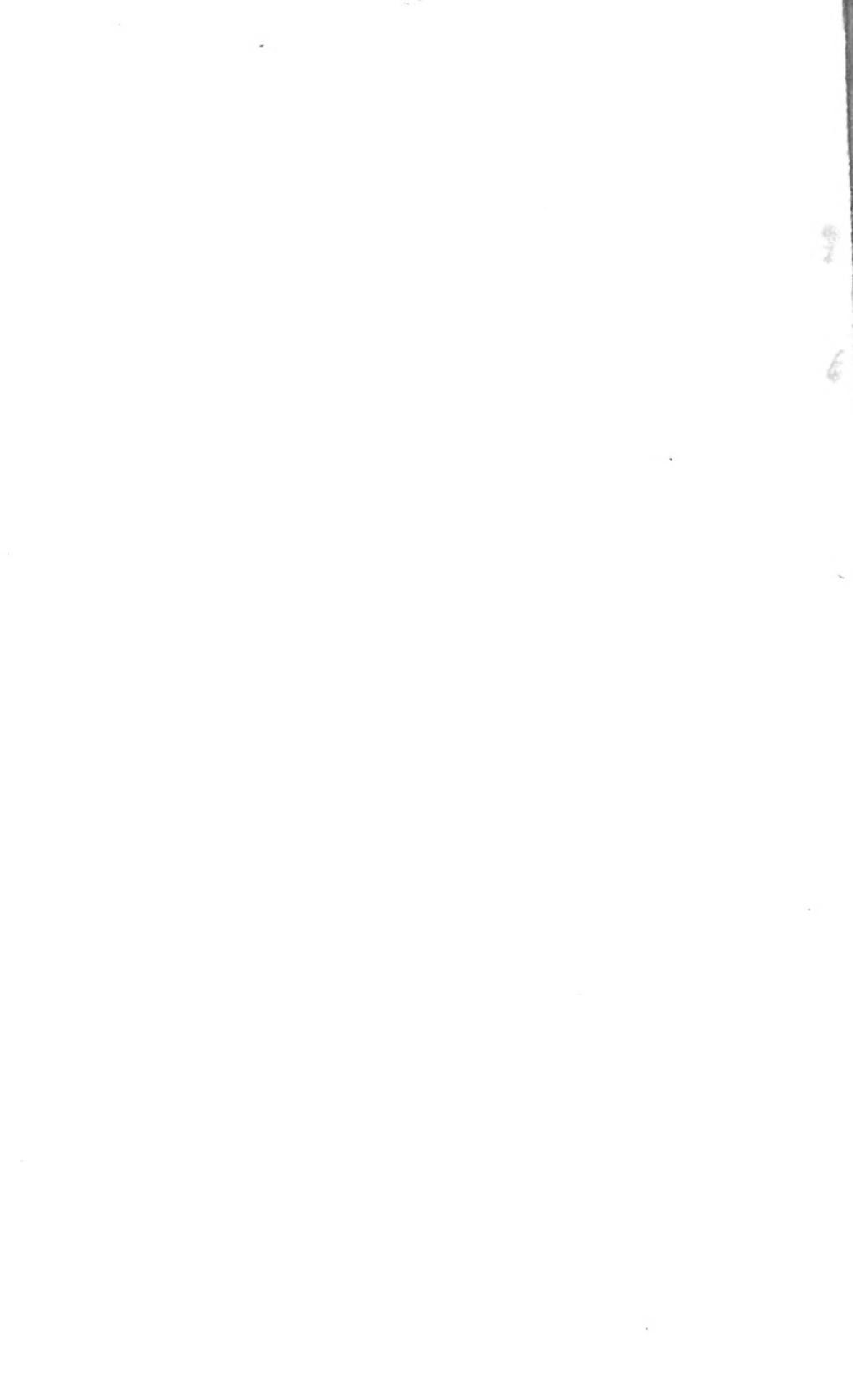
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HISTORIC PURCHASE

OF

FREEDOM.

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O R A T I O N .

THE HISTORIC PURCHASE OF FREEDOM.

AN ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE FRATERNITY,

IN THE MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, DEC. 22, 1859,

THE TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH.

BY

WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

SECOND EDITION.



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THE

HISTORIC PURCHASE OF FREEDOM.

ON a dark and bitter day, two hundred and thirty-nine years ago, the feet of our Pilgrim Forefathers pressed the rock of Plymouth. With bleeding hearts they had bidden adieu to home, friends, country. With the frailest defences they had dared the pitiless wastes of the winter sea, lifting their brave hymns and prayers above the howl of the storm. The dangers of the voyage escaped, by miraculous providence, they were now stepping on the frozen strand. They knelt and prayed; and doubtless their devotions were as sincere as any that ever went up from purple cushions, amid the swinging of censers and the pealing of music. With heart-breaking memories of the far-away land they should not see again, they christened the bleak shore *New England*. With no sure resources, with only the smallest supply of food, the dead of December upon them, they gazed into an unmeasured wilderness. They had left a land of historic pride, abounding in every material comfort. They stood face to face with a prospect combining nearly everything calculated to appal. And yet,—and yet, as they looked around them on the freezing surge and the snow-loaded woods, and thought of the long conflict they must wage with the elements, with exile, famine, and the savage, it was with lofty gratitude; and they braced themselves with unfaltering resolve.

One thing will explain the whole mystery. They had fled from bondage to freedom. They had left afar the persecutions of the bigots and tyrants of the old world. They were free now, to breathe the breath of heaven, to worship God accord-

ing to their consciences, to speak their honest thoughts; and they hailed the rocky coast and the wintry desolation as the gates of a golden garden. They knew that there, if they survived, they should be free; and if they perished, their example would strengthen the immortal cause for which they died.

The sufferings of the Pilgrims were a part of the price with which humanity has purchased the measure of freedom it possesses. For it is a striking fact that man has always had to buy the enjoyment of his dearest privileges. His material comforts have been won through conflict with the forces of nature by study and toil. His personal enfranchisement and social safety have been won through conflict with human sin and cruelty. Every brave man who has scorned the decrees of injustice; every thinker who has uttered the meaning of radical principles; every sage who has paced the dungeon floor; every patriot who has laid his head on the block; every martyr who has expired at the stake or on the gallows; every reformer whose soul has been fired with the inspiration of truth, and melted with the love of his race,—in whatever land or age he was born and died,—has contributed his portion to the great sum of strife and endurance with which we have obtained the freedom we now enjoy. Honored, honored be their names for ever. Let them be greeted with thrills of admiration and tears of love. We know not how much we owe them. Their example has sown the nations with the fire-seed of heroism, made the earth a grander theatre, and our life a more exalted privilege. The value of the proper liberties of men, which we have inherited through their fidelity, we are unable to appreciate, because we have never been deprived of them, and been spurned with the haughty foot of power. Once suffer that experience; then hew your way out of it, and, as you scan the annals of the long conflict with tyranny, you will shout in exultation, "*Freedom is worth all it has cost.*"

God meant man should be free. It is written on his brow. It is stamped in the faculties of his mind. It burns in the instincts of his breast. The wings of the wind bring its invi-

tations to his ear. The songs of the birds awaken its yearnings in his heart. And when he is made a slave, his nature so cruelly wronged, can any price be too dear for him to deliver himself with? Free men, ask yourselves, if some nation of tyrants should cleave down your liberties and take from you the three great rights of human nature,— freedom of the body, to go and come as you will; freedom of the mind, to read, reflect, and reason; freedom of speech, to discuss the great subjects of opinion,— if these prerogatives were snatched away, and you were driven hither and thither, doomed to toil for your oppressors, a lock put upon your lips, your steps dogged by despots, would you not think deliverance cheaply purchased at any cost? Oh! you would be willing to pour out your blood like water. And when victory had crowned the struggle, and you were reclining in the shelter of your emancipated homes, whatever might be the sacrifice which compelled you to say, “With a great sum we have obtained this freedom,” you would add, with irrepressible enthusiasm, “*But it is worth the price!*”

For many ages freedom could only be held by physical force. Every independent nation maintained the liberty of its own citizens, while it ground its vanquished enemies under its feet. During those eras of might Slavery was a universal institution. The natural selfishness of the human heart, the instinctive dislike of regular toil, and fondness for precedence and display, caused the rulers to impose the drudgery of life on their subjects, that they might flaunt in idleness or fight their foes and wear the spoils. The same power by which the conquerors were free, therefore, sealed the bondage of the defeated. But profounder conceptions of right and wrong, juster sentiments of pity and affection, were never wholly wanting. The idea of the worth of humanity, the recognition of the rights of man, independent of circumstances, began to spread. Throughout the land of Israel, once in fifty years, the sacred jubilee struck, and in tent and court, on hillside and field, every fetter fell. A Greek philosopher, rebuked for giving alms to a shipwrecked pirate, replied, “I gave it not to him, but to Humanity.” The

wonderful line of Terence, "As a man I have an interest in whatever concerns humanity," electrified a theatre-full of Romans. The promulgation of Christianity gave an unparalleled impulse to this movement of thought, by the manner in which it declared the relationship of men to God, to each other, and to immortality. From that period a belief in the right of every individual to freedom, won diffusion. It came to be felt that to be a man, was greater than to be a Roman citizen; and a sufficient reason for exemption from bonds and scourgings. Wise and good men, willing to die, but determined to be free, denied the right of force between man and man, save for the restraint of crime. Protests were made against the arbitrary distinctions and the unjust immunities of rank. And so thought kindled thought, voice encouraged voice, step followed step, and the idea of absolute equality of privilege, the idea of a pure democratic government, with all its associated rights and duties, was gradually developed.

That idea is the legitimate basis of this country. When the Pilgrims first touched the shore, they knelt, and with prayer consecrated the wilderness to freedom, religion and education. And, in face of the history of ancient slaveries, in defiance of the imprecations of tyrants and the forebodings of doubters, they set themselves at work to reduce those principles to practice, and bequeathed the unfinished achievement for the piety of their children to perfect in a happier time. In the stormy and brightening course of human history, if any duty was ever laid on any nation, it is the specific work of this people to organize the idea of equal liberty, and show that in the eye of republican law, as in the revealed communion of God, man is the brother of man. Over the uncertain issues of that aim the beating of four hundred million human hearts is with us, in hope and fear, from every part of the globe. For it is on account of the relation we sustain to this end, towards which the providential drift of progress has been from the first, that we have awakened so deep an interest and attained so lofty a position among the nations of the earth.

And now, after our wonderful prosperity, shall we repu-

diate the holy task, when the poor little Mayflower, which once shivered on the icy strand, has spread its corolla until the spray of two oceans and the dew of a hemisphere wet its petals? It seems as if all the voices of history were calling us, as if all the outstretched hands of propheey were pointing us, here, in this magnificent climax of opportunities, to exhibit the long-baffled hopes of our race in a corresponding climax of fruitions, by consummating, at last, that historic purchase of freedom to which, in other times, so many precious offerings have been made, in the thoughts and experiments of philosophers, the sighs and groans of prisoners and exiles, the tears and prayers of saints, the blood of battle-fields and scaffolds, and the ungathered ashes of martyrs.

And yet, paradoxical as it is, SLAVERY, in its most unmitigated form, prevails among us as the chief institution; waving its unhallowed emblems over the very capital of the country, desecrated into a shambles for men. The existence of slavery here and now implies what it always implied every where, namely, the selfish injustice of the strong, and the wrongful degradation of the weak. This is too evident to need any detail of proof. A few words, however, aiming to set the statement in the light of a moral demonstration, may not be superfluous. Is it not an axiom that no free and enlightened man would be willing to be held in bondage himself? would think it reconcilable with right that he should be placed in the power of an irresponsible master, who might seize the fruit of his labor, tear him from his wife and children, keep him from education, and spurn him with contempt? So long, then, as he holds others in that condition, he violates the rule which is the fundamental principle of natural duty, and the very substance of Christian morals: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

The risks the slaves run, the sufferings they undergo, in hope of freedom, prove that the better portion of them are not contented; that, debased as they have been, they still feel the truth of the exclamation, "Ah, Slavery, disguise thyself as thou wilt, thou art a bitter draught!" Although studiously

kept in ignorance, to the great majority of them all outside of their own region being preserved an unknown realm, every year upwards of a thousand successfully flee from their house of bondage, confronting perils and pains that would make the stoutest of us pause and shrink, literally running the gauntlet of a hundred martyrdoms in the desperate hope to win the prize of an unshackled manhood. In this bare fact, what volumes of revelation are compressed! Whenever the idea of escape dawns on their minds, all that is within them cries out for liberty. A voice from heaven says to their souls, "Sleep no more!" When their higher instincts awake, it must be so. Catch the king of the air when he soars with the thunder beneath his wings and the sun in his eye; shut him in a dark cage, and expect him neither to pine nor to strike his limits: but expect not man to be contented under chains and insults, unless, by ages of brutalization, he has first been robbed of every high attribute of his nature. The existence of slavery among us, consequently, implies the unrighteous exercise of power on one side, and the endurance of unmerited wrongs on the other.

Since these things are so, the abolition of slavery from her borders is the paramount duty of the country: a duty overriding collateral considerations, and neither to be evaded by sophistry nor set aside by difficulties. This proposition I maintain with the following reasons. First, slavery should be ended because of its *sinfulness*. Forceably seizing a man and converting him into a beast of burden or a tool of convenience, using him as an ox or as a hoe,—surely this is the climax of injury. Is it not the sum of all wrongs to rob man of his own nature — the uses of his soul and the ends of his life? How can there be room for further wrong, when a soul is made a thing? By a tyrant's whim to suppress a person's responsibility, by force or fraud to appropriate the total use of a being endowed with free powers, and set amidst the opportunities of the world to work out the beginnings of an immortal destiny — if this be not a sin, then sin is an empty name. Yet such is the essence of slavery. A system built of mil-

lions of such instances can be but one huge aggregation of wrong and shame. It strikes a fatal blow at the centre of ethics by destroying personality, blasphemes God by defacing his image, and hoists the flood-gate for crime and horror by giving full swing to egotistic power. The defenders of the system have sought to reverse the sentence of condemnation pronounced on it, by the conscience of the civilized world, as a sin. But in vain, as the briefest examination will show.

The slaveholders wishing to enjoy the fruits of the earth and the honors of society without the pains of earning them, hit upon this happy device — to put all the labor on their slaves, and appropriate all the luxury to themselves. When we go to the bottom of the subject we shall find that this is the genuine basis of slavery. Ashamed to own that they sustain slavery simply as ministering to their ease and aggrandizement, the slaveholders look about for some other ground on which to rest their advocacy.

The first plea by which the Slave Power seeks to justify itself from the charge of sin, is, that it is actuated by a regard for the good of the African race. In their native state, they are savages, heathen, inconceivably debased, eternally lost. Brought to this country, they are civilized, Christianized, enriched with comforts, and blessed with salvation. It is for the sake of thus redeeming a race incapable of saving themselves, the slaveholders sometimes say, that they support the institution. The hypocrisy of such an excuse, in general, is self-evident. One-tenth part of the effort expended in reducing Africans to foreign service might, ere now, had that been the design, have civilized and Christianized the whole of them at home. Massachusetts alone contributes more for missionary purposes than the whole of the Slave States: at least it was so in eighteen hundred and fifty-five, by over twenty-six thousand dollars. The South does not send teachers, machinery, books, seeds, to Africa. So far as its energy and wealth are turned in that direction, they are spent in sending piratical ships, with the outfit and rig of despotism, to ply along the unhappy coast their murderous trade of theft. The aim is to

gain labor and money for the slaveholders, not to give knowledge, virtue, and happiness to the Negroes. Any other pretence is usually a conscious lie — not hiding the sin, but adding to it. We might believe the Slave Power animated by a regard for the good of its incompetent subjects, if we saw it acting accordingly in its domestic policy. But when we observe that instead of trying to qualify their slaves for a higher condition, by training them to knowledge, purity, enterprise, and self-respect, their masters studiously hold them in the lowest debasement, drive them to their tasks under the lash, keep them to breed like cattle, make it a crime to teach one of them to read, use religion as a means of enhancing their value on the block, separate families without mercy; — then we see through this sham, and know that the motive of the slaveholders is not to benefit their slaves, but to spare their own muscles and feed fat their own pride. Talent, energy, religious faith, and love, in the sight of truth, are the right royal emancipation of their possessors. In the sight of the slaveholder, such qualities augment the price of a slave, and, increasing the chances of his escape, awaken suspicion, and often cause the subject thus unfortunately gifted, to be sold into some more hopeless distance of bondage. When the slaveholder, acting as the paternal guardian of his slaves, tries in every way to increase the dignity of their endowments, and the elevation of their joys, emancipates them as fast as they are fit for freedom, retaining only those who are not yet competent, then only will we confess that his conduct is benevolence, and not sin.

The other plea by which the Slave Power would ward off the charge of sin, is, that the Negroes are not men, but a species of animals, with a claim upon our protection. Therefore, by the fitness of things, we may hold them to service. If we shelter and feed them for the work they do, we are guiltless of wrong as when we capture a wild horse or buffalo.

The statement is not usually made with such bluntness, but the meaning is this: slavery is no wrong, because the Negro is no man, and, therefore, has no rights which man is bound to

respect. The inhuman sophistry of this doctrine is obvious to every impartial person. But to disprove it to the conviction of one who accepts it, is hard, on account of the obtuseness of his moral sense and the thick environment of his mind with prejudice. If a person does not know that one and one make two, it is a difficult problem to demonstrate it to him. It is like trying to make clearness clear. The denial of humanity to the Negro does not rest on any argument of logic or morals to be refuted by philosophical reasoning or ethical illustration. Argument is superseded. It rests merely on prejudices of sentiment. To this perverted sentiment it is a most formidable matter. The best we can do is to set forth the truth in a few statements that will command assent as *axioms* of observation and consciousness.

In the first place, the Negro is a man, and by virtue of his humanity endowed with human rights, because he has the form and faculties of a man, thinks the thoughts, feels the feelings, aspires towards the prizes and ends of a man. How does the fact that he is black alter the case? If Negroes are to be enslaved because they are black, why not Indians because they are red, and Chinese because they are yellow, and Sikhs because they are blue? The prejudice against color or blood, bitter as it is, is never actually the basis of denying humanity to the Negro; for thousands of slaves are held as such who are whiter than their owners, and in whose veins runs more American than African blood. Their masters keep them, not because they think them black animals, but because they know them profitable property.

That the Negro slave is a man, is furthermore proved by every spiritual test which can be applied. He hears a simple gospel sermon from the text "That he, by the grace of God, should taste of death for every man." He is penetrated, made conscious of sin, smitten with divine love. He repents and prays in faith, with groans and weeping; he receives pardoning grace and a new heart, and goes on his way a regenerate creature, rejoicing in the Lord. Can an animal experience the profound mysteries of the Christian religion?

His master has resolved to sell him into remote service and eternal separation from all he loves. He knows it in anguish and terror, and with mighty throbings to escape. He thinks he will kill his sleeping master and flee for freedom. He stands over the helpless victim. His fingers feel along the edge and handle of the uplifted axe. The thought strikes him, however vast the stake, will it justify murder? He quells the devil in his heart, lays the weapon down, creeps softly away, and when his master falls sick, forgives him, and by assiduous nursing saves his life. Can an animal, from a sense of allegiance to moral right, resist temptation, forgive injury, and do good for evil?

It is midnight in the woods of Alabama. The moonlight falls calmly through the straggling clouds. Hark! what is that pressing through the under-brush, climbing over the fallen logs, heading towards the North? It is a slave, with two little black children in a tow knapsack on his back, and, a few paces behind, two larger children and a woman toiling after. They have travelled fourteen nights, hiding and resting by day. Their provisions are gone, and they are nearly starved. A little voice cries, "Father, mother's dying!" He takes the knapsack from his back into his arms, and hurries to his wife, who has fainted from exhaustion. Sobbing, and his heart nigh to break, he raises her up, and strives to restore and encourage her. What! husband, wife, children, hearts, tears, self-denial, mutual fidelity through terrible straits and sufferings! Surely they cannot be mere animals!

Arriving in Canada with his family, he builds a home, and, by industry, prospers. His heart melts at the remembrance of his old friends and brothers left behind in bondage. He girds up his soul with a hero's purpose and starts on the under-ground railroad to their rescue. Trudging on his way by night, suddenly a meteoric shower bursts through the heavens with streams of falling stars. He thinks the last day is at hand. Pausing a moment to assure himself that he is engaged in a just undertaking, he calmly continues on his way in momentary expectation of the final trumpet. Having a sense of im-

mortality, keeping about his duty, consecrated by sentiments of rectitude, love and faith fearlessly to meet the judgment-seat of Christ, can he be anything less than a man? The slaveholder himself acknowledges the Negro to be a man when he holds him responsible for a man's duties. The supporters of slavery are therefore bound to abolish it because it is a sin.

They are bound to abolish it, also, because of its *pernicious effects*. It preys on the best virtues of a Christian manhood, blunts the sense of justice, revives the features of feudalism, perpetuates the worst qualities of a patrician aristocracy, puts disgrace on free labor, blights the soil on which it breathes, mocks the refined civilization of the age, and impedes the progress of the world.

The structure of slaveholding society, that is, plantation life, necessitates a sparse population. It is, therefore, fatal to our common school system, to our immense support and circulation of newspapers, magazines, books, to academies and lyceums. Wherever it prevails general education is at a low ebb. Its leading men, representatives and senators, are sometimes known to be literally unable to read or write. In Massachusetts only one white adult in five hundred and seventeen is unable to read and write; in South Carolina one in seven; in Virginia one in five; in North Carolina one in three. It nourishes ferocity of temper. This must be so in the nature of the case, and observation of facts demonstrates it. Nearly every man carries his dirk and revolver, and duels and free fights are ordinary occurrences. The poor whites, who exist between the slaves and the slaveholders, are notoriously the most unprincipled and reckless of men. The Slave States in comparison with the Free States are in a condition of anarchy and barbarism. We are in the nineteenth century, they in the eleventh. In proportion to the white population fifty times as much fighting and murdering are done in the South as in the North. Statistics show it. Slavery leads to the most appalling licentiousness. That slaveholders frequently place their own children and children's children under the overseer's lash, and on the auctioneer's block, is a fact which cannot be

questioned. Every one of the worse Slave States is an enormous free brothel; where it sickens the unperverted traveller to see the betrayal of that practical amalgamation against which the hypocrites cry so in theory, hanging its banner on the outer wall of the gradually bleaching faces of the victim-class.

The pampering attentions and idleness in which slave-holders are brought up, foster habits of dependence and shiftlessness. The isolation and leisure in which they live, make time hang heavy on them. Their vaunted hospitality is sometimes as much an escape from their deadly ennui as it is a generous virtue. Another refuge frequently found from their vacant weariness is in drunkenness and gambling. Owing to the peculiar force of the temptations, these vices prevail in the South to an extent unknown among us. Here only the dregs of a small class indulge in them; there the proudest aristocrats, the mass of the gentry, habitually drink and gamble. In consequence of the lack of ambitious energy and skilled industry that follows slavery, it is a cause of impoverishment and decay. You have only to take the census return, and compare the variety and value of the intellectual and industrial products of the Free States with those of the Slave States, to be satisfied of this. Where in the whole region consecrated to freedom can anything be found corresponding to the melancholy spectacle so often exhibited in the States given to slavery,—plantations of exhausted fields, with their broken-down fences, and their little villages of tenements abandoned to the wild bird and the weather, silence and decay? Jamestown had an earlier start than Plymouth, yet to-day it is nothing but a heap of ruins. Virginia had incomparable advantages of climate and soil over New England. How do they stand now? The one, haughty, impoverished, half imbecile, her old patrician seats deserted and tumbling, awakening the pity of a Yankee colonizer, fills the earth with the stench of her tobacco crop, and makes humanity faint with the profligacy of her slave-breeding. The other, bright, busy, intelligent, virtuous, the pride and example of the world, sup-

plies the other States with machinery, literature, and educators; and causes the smokes of a million free and happy homes to streak the winter air where then only the scattered breaths of a few wigwam fires curled above the woods. A writer, in whose knowledge and judgment implicit confidence may be placed, says: "Had slavery been prohibited in Texas from the time of its annexation, I believe its export of cotton would be greater than it is; its demand from, and contribution to, commerce, would be ten times what it is; it would possess ten times the length of railroad, ten times as many churches, ten times as many schools, and a hundred times as many school-children as it now has." The Slave States, then, ought to abolish slavery, because it exerts a manifold pernicious influence on all their own interests, and on the world.

Another reason why they ought to do this is because of *the danger involved in its continuance*. Slavery is the serious peril of our country; the one source of bitterness and excitement, threatening to quench our patriotic hopes. In this great dissension, one party must yield. It should be done by those who are in the wrong, done gracefully while there is virtue in doing it. Not only because morality and their own interests require it, should they abandon their defence, but also because the Party of Freedom must inevitably prevail. It is merely a question of time. Does any one suppose the earth can be turned around, and made to roll back in its orbit? Since through the laws of political economy, the destinies of race and climate, and the ordained advance of public opinion, the advocates of slavery will be compelled to cease their hostility to freedom, while the friends of freedom can never forego their opposition to slavery, it behooves the former to confess their error and make ready as speedily as possible to repair it. Until that be done, it is certain we can have no stable peace. So long as the clamor for new slave territory continues, the tocsin of strife will shudder the air. While the institution survives, the conscience of Christendom will thunder against it, and danger will lower in uneasy gloom over our heads, if it does not burst in volcanic storm between our hearths.

For these reasons, and others which might be urged, it is the duty of the slaveholders, in whose immediate control it lies, to abolish slavery. Nor are there any obstacles so formidable as to justify them in not commencing the performance of this duty. The only real obstacle is the infatuated obstinacy and selfishness of the owner, and of those in league with him. Let us look at the flimsy excuses they sometimes try to palm off.

Emancipation, they say, would be fraught with frightful consequences: slaughter and rapine would devastate the land. The cry is absurd. Does it turn man into a fiend to restore him his rights and treat him with kindness? What relevancy has the carnage of St. Domingo, that it should be lugged in? There, a prodigious majority of savage helots, infuriated by diabolical abuse, rose in arms on a small minority of divided and panic-struck masters. Here, it is asked that four millions of mild, timid, helpless, affectionate slaves should be blessed with freedom in the midst of nine millions of the superior race, all united, armed, and chivalrous. The comparison is an impertinence. Such an experiment has been tried, too, with perfect success, under far more dangerous circumstances than ours. In fact, must there not be incomparably less ground for alarm beneath the sway of freedom, where mutual respect and interest make all friends, than where thousands are goaded by wrongs? That fear of insurrection which occasionally frights the South from its propriety, would then really cease, instead of growing.

Again, it is asked, What can they do? They have inherited the institution; it is their misfortune to be fatally saddled with it. What can they do? Ah! if they do not know what they can do, why do they pass laws making it a penal offence for a master to manumit a slave? In the first place, they can individually discuss the question itself of what they can do. They can inquire how to soften and lessen the evil, instead of seeking how to deepen and spread it. In the second place, they can call Southern Conventions to take mutual counsel as to the means of its mitigation and end, as they do call Southern Con-

ventions to devise the means of treason and disunion, and the re-opening of the African slave trade. In the third place, they can instantly banish the whole system from the District of Columbia, let the common capital of the entire country cease to be a "Southern city,"¹ and purge it of those sights which may make the Embassadors of Russia and Turkey point the finger of scorn at us. In the fourth place, they can rescind their barbaric laws whereby it is made a crime to teach slaves to read their Bibles, and kindly throw open to them some initiatory opportunities of education and improvement. In the fifth place, they can make the institution of marriage sacred and inviolable, and decree that every child of a white father shall be free. In the sixth place they can enact that husbands and wives, parents and children, shall not be torn from each other by the fate of the auction-block. In the seventh place, they can make their slaves a little allowance of wages, the humble germ of greater things to come, with independence in the vista. And when these things have been done, other things will appear: for the way of duty, once entered, always grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Finally, it is objected, an act of universal emancipation would reduce the slaveholders to beggary. How the ignoble strain is shamed by the historic cry of our merchant-prince of Beacon Hill, "*If the good of my country requires it, burn Boston and make John Hancock a beggar!*" Whether is it better, that millions be kept slaves forever, or that thousands be made poor, with ample openings to enrich themselves again? Will any decent man affirm the approach of temporary poverty through sublime devotedness to principle, as a reason why he should refrain from justice and perpetuate sin? Besides, the plea is not true. The increased production effected under the stimulus of freedom would outbalance the wages paid for the labor now wrung from unwilling muscles. A thorough comparison, on the basis of De Bow's Census Compendium, shows that the North, with half the cultivated land and two-thirds the laborers, produces annually two hundred and twenty-seven million dollars worth of agricultural returns more than the

South: twice as much for each acre, and more than twice the value for each person engaged in the work. The abolition of slavery would enrich, not pauperize, the South. The sloth of patrician pride, which would then have to arouse itself, opposes the auspicious change. Throw open the superior climate and soil where slavery reigns, to the wholesome energies of free institutions,—let that intelligent and hardy spirit which has lined the banks of New England's cold streams with manufactories, and clothed her sterile fields with harvests, and made every granite hillock blossom with a school-house or a church, have the same opportunity in the slave-region, and it will begin to flourish with a prosperity it has not known. Did the masters *desire* to abolish slavery, all difficulties of this sort would vanish. Were it necessary, or were the South to approach the Free States in a fraternal spirit, they would no doubt compromise so far as to make a general contribution towards *buying* this grand enfranchisement. Valuing the slaves, as property, at fourteen hundred million dollars, the amount spent in this country in pernicious dissipation alone, in less than five years would cover the cost of their pecuniary emancipation. What a glorious capping would thus be put on the historic purchase of freedom so nobly begun in earlier ages, left for us more nobly to complete in this!

But every one familiar with the present state of the case, knows that the South, instead of fulfilling this duty, the abolition of slavery, and thus wiping the great stain from the national escutcheon, will pursue the opposite policy. Infatuated with the pernicious institution, inflated by the haughty conceit it engenders, identifying every interest and passion with its preservation, the slaveholders will hug it to their bosoms with the tenacity of death, straining every nerve, devising every expedient to broaden and eternize it. In the pristine days of the Republic, almost every statesman, North and South, confessed it to be an evil, and both desired and expected its gradual diminution, and its final disappearance at no distant day. But all that is changed. Demoralized and inflamed by its fruits, their better sentiments perverted and

wrought up by it to the pitch of virtual insanity, the body of slaveholders to-day — headed by a swarm of drunken and fanatical politicians, and tailed by a crew of renegade ministers — with one voice declare that slavery is a Divine ordinance, and an intrinsic good, and as such to be transmitted in perpetuity.

The retired Southern friends of our Northern conservatives, whose letters are occasionally published, do not represent the convictions, passions and intentions of the Slave Power. These are represented by the persons chosen to fight its battles in Congress, by the public meetings, the mobs, the resolutions, the newspapers of the South. All these concur in avowing that slavery is a blessing never to be surrendered. And those who hold contrary opinions are awed and bullied into silence by a despotism as mean and brutal as ever existed on the earth. It is the rarest thing for one of them to be heard of. On peril of their homes and lives they dare not so much as peep or mutter. Is the typical case of the Underwood family forgotten?

The Richmond Examiner says, "Southern men should act as if the canopy of heaven were inscribed with a covenant, in letters of fire, that the negro is our property, and ours forever; is to be kept hard at work — and in rigid subjection all his days; is never to be emancipated." Senator Brown of Mississippi, at a barbecue given in his honor at Hazlehurst, on the eleventh of October, 1858, used the following words: "I want Central America, and I would take it by force. I want Cuba, and we must have it, we must take it. I want Tamaulipas, Potosi, and one or two other Mexican States. And I want them all to plant and spread slavery there. I think slavery is a good thing *per se*; I believe it to be a great moral, social, and political blessing, and I think it is of divine origin. I said so formerly in the House of Representatives at Washington, and I say so now. I would spread the blessings of slavery, like the religion of our Divine Master, to the uttermost ends of the earth. Rebellious and wicked as the Yankees have been, I would extend it even to them. When

with a greater expansion of territory, we need more black laborers, I would re-open the slave trade with Africa." The same doctrine is most shamelessly advocated in the Texas Almanac for 1858. Senator Hammond of South Carolina, also, in an elaborate paper copiously circulated at the South in October, 1858, uses the following language: "The inevitable fate of the slaveholders of the South is to conduct the question to its conclusion. I believe we can conquer. After what has been achieved by a divided South, now that it is almost thoroughly united; now that we have a President and his Cabinet, a majority in both Houses of Congress, a Supreme Court of the United States, and still hosts of allies in the Free States, all substantially concurring with us in our construction of the Constitution, we owe it to ourselves and the world to cast aside all fears, and move forward to the overthrow of every sentimental scheme for organizing labor, carrying with us the Constitution, and, if we can, the Union."

It would be easy to multiply similar utterances from separate sources all over the South, to almost any extent.² These expressions indeed appear to represent the almost unanimous feeling of the slaveholders. In such a state of determination, and while the acquisition of one new Slave State adds ten per cent to the valuation of their chattels, and clearly prolongs the lease of their power, it is both obvious of itself and proved by the history of the past few years that they will spare no efforts in their power, open or secret, fair or foul, by votes, by persuasion, by plots, by frauds, by bribery, by bludgeons, by duel-murders, by civil war, not merely to preserve the institution where it is, but to extend it where it is not.

With this understanding of the truth of the case, what are our duties? What ought the citizens of the Free States, as subjects of the same national government, as men, and as Christians, to do in relation to slavery? Our first duty is to "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them," to acquaint ourselves with the condition of these victims of oppression and sympathize with them in their hard estate. To shut ourselves up in carelessness as to the wrongs and mis-

eries of others, to harden ourselves with an inhuman selfishness against the appeals of our fellow creatures, is a crime against both nature and religion. Unquestionably, "Weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that rejoice;" "Love your neighbor as yourself;" "Who is weak, and I am not weak? who is offended, and I burn not?" are essential utterances of the Gospel. The slaves are our neighbors, our brethren. The best principles of humanity harmonize with the heavenly evangel of Christ, and leave us no alternative but to think of them and feel for them as we should wish them to think of us and feel for us in an exchange of circumstances.

They are kept ignorant and degraded. The ordinance of marriage is made a nullity among them. They are forced to toil all their lives without reward. At the slightest provocation, if it be the pleasure of an irascible owner, or a drunken overseer, they are beaten, mangled, perhaps murdered, without any chance of redress. Many an instance is known where slaves have received from five hundred to a thousand lashes, and expired under the infliction; and the administering fiends have gone unrebuked. If, when their lot becomes absolutely intolerable, and some dawning star of hope stirs the embers of liberty in their souls, they try to escape, they are deliberately shot down, or set upon by blood-hounds and torn in pieces, and one cry of bravo! rises throughout the whole slave region. One Southern newspaper announces the sale, at public auction, of a pack of ten blood-hounds for fifteen hundred and forty dollars. Another one contains this advertisement: "I have two of the finest blood-hounds in the southwest for catching Negroes. They will take the trail twelve hours after the fugitive has passed, and catch him with ease. I am ready at all times to catch runaway Negroes." Suppose the white population of the State of New York were reduced to slavery by some foreign power and treated thus? How should we feel about it? Will you give a valid reason, on grounds of morality, why we ought not to feel the same for the black population of Georgia? We cannot avoid the duty of sympathizing with the slaves as they groan under a relentless tyranny, or as they laugh in pitiful unconsciousness of their degradation.

Secondly, it is our duty to free ourselves from all complicity with this system of sin and inhumanity, to extricate ourselves from every legal obligation to participate in it or help it. Having no interest of our own in it, there is no just reason why, by suffering the continuance of a wicked political bond, we should be forced to stand guard around it and contribute to its nourishment. Unless we are willing to partake its guilt, and share the thunderbolts it invokes, it is high time we released ourselves from those statutory ties whereby we actually countenance and comfort it. Before God we are bound to wash our hands from it, and stand aloof from it, leaving those who love it to take care of it, and to stand alone beneath its infamy. When we have outgrown a sin and banished it from our soil, shall we assist others in the perpetration of it? Have they any right to command us to help them sustain their iniquities? If one of us was flying from bondage, haggard with exhaustion, his little child on his back, his terror-stricken and famishing wife by his side, and after reaching a land of freedom should meet a fellow-creature who refused to feed or shelter him, but seized him and his poor tremblers, and sent them back to the hell whence they had fled, should we not invoke the maledictions of Heaven on the inhuman monster, and almost look to see the unscabbarded lightnings of God smite him where he stood?

The slave in the mines of Brazil, who found in his washing-trench a diamond weighing over seventeen carats, received his freedom. Certainly the slave on the plantations of the South, who finds in his soul a diamond of manly aspiration and courage potent enough to guide him to our Northern homes, far better deserves the boon; and never shall *our* hands take it from him. If Christ, and the Gospel, and Humanity, and Morality, and Piety, and the Fugitive Slave, and the Cup of Cold Water, and the Good Samaritan, all bathed in the splendors of God, are grouped together there, on the right; and the Union, and the Constitution, and the Slaveholder, and the Code of Tyranny, and the unmuzzled Blood-hound, and the Whip and Handcuff, all shrouded in a gloom of threats and

horror, are grouped together there, on the left,— no matter what the penalties are, we know our place. And as we take it, all the sentiments of our souls whisper approval, in unison with a voice issuing from the judgment seat of Christ, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.”

What can be clearer than our duty to secure the repeal of every constitutional clause, and the repeal of every unconstitutional enactment, which requires us to render service to slavery? While it stays at home, and takes care of itself, it is hard enough for us to tolerate it even there, until the growth of purer opinion or some providential emergence,— such as the monopoly of the cotton and sugar markets by better and cheaper growths on free soil,— ends it. We cannot do more. We cannot run on its errands, and feed its blood-hounds, and seize its victims, and lick the dust for it. Nor can we permit it to do these things for itself within our limits. By the principles of moral truth emblazoned in the New Testament, by the privileges of humanity won through ages of struggle and sacrifice, by the laws of the living God incarnated in our hearts, and enrolled through the sky in star-script and immortal fire,— let there be no tyrants hunting men on the banks of our New England rivers; no clanking of chains for men within sight of the school-houses of New England; no setting up of auctions for men within sight of the church-altars of New England; no legalized stealing of men by kidnapper packs, disturbing the holy dust as they yell past the graves of our dead heroes, within sight of the battle-field monuments of New England.

Our third duty is to take an active part in all justifiable measures for relieving the slave, and abolishing the institution. Neither using violence nor fraud, nor recommending them, we are to leave no peaceful and honorable means unemployed. When men are foully injured, is it not a duty arising from the first axiom of Christian ethics, for every man to do whatever he can innocently do to restore their rights, and to heal their wounds? If we were in the place of the slaves we should

think it the duty of all free men to plead for us, and aid us. In the sweet name of Jesus, can we deem it right to spurn the Golden Rule and refuse to do thus for others? We are recreant, it seems to me that we are recreant to the chief obligation of our position, if we do not take a public stand against this public sin, and improve every means to purify and strengthen the sentiment of the Free States on the subject. If we suffer our mouths to be muffled, and our pens to be withdrawn, by the sneers and threats and lies of a coalition of russians and trimmers, who sink everything else in a supreme desire for the spoils of office and the profits of trade,—whether they are rallied in mobs, or gathered in a party, or seated in editorial chairs, or commanding the dainty and heartless precincts of fashion, if we do not defy them,—the glory has fled from our temples and cliffs, and we are *fit* to be trampled. The vital hope of those reforms which aim at the redemption of man from oppression, is the creation of a magnetic public opinion to envelop the world like a protecting atmosphere; condensing on one point, whenever required, the dynamic shocks diffused through all. Consequently we are obligated to oppose every wrongful institution in the country, and endeavor to concentrate an overwhelming public condemnation against it. If American slavery were a self-remedying evil, or if its advocates were disposed gradually to abolish it, an easy conscience might find an excuse for refusing to meddle with it. But when it nourishes itself, when its friends tower and bluster, and work to spread it, and swear they will always continue to do so, the case is altered, and but one course left for a righteous and humane man; namely, to resist it with firm conscience at every point of its aggressions until it retreats, and to assail it with sound argument at every point of its vulnerability until it surrenders.

Many respectable men affirm, in depreciation of this agitation, that it results in unmixed evil, exasperating the South to an insane tenacity. Even if so, the inference is not sound. Shall Nathan refrain to lift his finger and cry, "Thou art the man," for fear David will be enraged and cleave closer to his

sin? But I vehemently disbelieve, that had no abolitionist sound been heard, whole States would before now have abolished slavery. The reverse is the truth. The fiercer determination of the South is a natural growth from its own pampered spirit, and from the increased value of the property. When in contact with the benightedness and ferocity of Southern civilization, we place the fact that the winning of one new territory to their domain instantly adds a hundred million dollars to their wealth, and helps them towards a preponderance of power, who believes that slavery would have died *there*, had Mr. Garrison not been born *here*? In his seventh of March speech, Daniel Webster says, (Quid ait medieus? Nihil *de veneno!*) "What have been the causes which have created so new a feeling in favor of slavery in the South? I suppose, sir, this is owing to the rapid growth of the COTTON plantations." The plea which asks us to serve our cause by being dumb, is the sophistry of cowardice and indifference. Have we not, with our own eyes, seen a definite and solid good won by determined agitation? Like Venus from the foam of the sea, the Goddess of Liberty rose out of the dust of the commotion in Kansas!

It is clear that there are but three issues for this dilating controversy. First, through the singleness of purpose and avalanche will of the South, and through an increased servility in the North, the slave power may triumph, and, in its supremacy, make slavery national in usage as it already is in theory. My God, shall this ever be permitted? Among the green hills of Vermont shall gangs of Negroes be driven afield beneath the constellation of the Whip? Shall the click of the planter's revolver, the snap of the overseer's lash, and the clank of the chattel's gyves, be added to the sounds of our Massachusetts forge, and loom, and press, while some meet successor of the insolent and lugubrious Toombs calls the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill, and great Warren's statue crimsons through the marble? If that ever happen, farewell, a long farewell to the yearning expectations of mankind. For in the dismal future following, is seen, far

away, a horoscope of demoralization, impoverishment, brutality, and rottenness, sinking off into the night. We must prevent that. It is our duty to prevent it. A bottomless damnation awaits us if we do not prevent it. Unquestionably we shall prevent it: although Charles O'Conor *does* stand up in the free city of New York and say, "Slavery is just, wise, and beneficent, and ought to be perpetuated." Indignant ghost of O'Connell, why didst thou not arise and blast thy recreant countryman! Insulted shades of Curran, Grattan, Emmet, why were ye not invoked to rise and *lay* the renegade Irishman who dared to utter in the face of a free people sentiments of such transcendant atrocity!

Secondly, in consequence of the deepening exasperation of feeling, and widening opposition of interest, between the advocates of slavery and its assailants, the Union may be shattered by a fratricidal convulsion, and the question settled by violence. Should such a crisis of desperation arrive, however rent, blackened, drenched the confederacy, there can be no doubt as to the result. The right and the strength and the certain victory are all on one side, where stands the solemn group of the Pilgrims,—Carver, Bradford, Winslow, Brewster, John Alden and Priscilla, the Standishes, both Miles and Rose,—pointing down to the group of their great Revolutionary sons—Washington, Franklin, Adams, Henry, Laurens, Rutledge, Jefferson— and both together adjuring us to stand fast in the ranks where they stood, fight valiantly in the cause they fought for, and finish the historic purchase of freedom towards which they paid so heavy an installment!

Can the slaveholder extinguish the North Star, turn back the hand on the dial-plate of time, erase the teachings of history, uneducate the human race, and pluck the moral law from the throne of God? Besieged by the civilized world, four millions of slaves within his camp, God frowning on him, the very air teeming with phantoms and hurtling with invisible weapons to his disordered fancy, what can the Southron despot do, but either, with self-fired petard, hoist his all, or surrender? Let disunion and conflict come,—and the abolition of slavery

will be the consequence, as surely as the sun sets. But so long as there is a better way, we do not court that method of the issue. Nor will it come, unless precipitated by the South, drunk with passion. The North desires simply freedom, justice, honor, not disunion. Do not all our Northern politicians boast to sail in the magnetic equator, or line of no dip? But the slaveholders attempt no concealment of their enormous Southern inclination. Our watchword is "The welfare of the country;" theirs, "The interests of the South." It is the South alone that constantly threatens withdrawal, and plots treason. Her governors write it in their messages; her legislators engross it in their records; her congressional delegation speak it in the halls of the capitol; her barbecue orators, great and little, scream it amidst bowie knives and pistols; her newspapers keep it standing in their columns; her mobs yell it as they burn the houses of freemen, ride abolitionists on rails, in coats of tar and feathers, throw printing-presses into rivers, shoot schoolmasters before their pupils, drown or hang every man who utters a word for liberty, and shake the star-spangled banner over their coffles of slaves. Unless we stop our opposition to slavery, and yield whatever it demands, I verily believe disunion and civil war will come from the unbridled madness of the South, *if she be permitted to make them come.*³ There is no danger of them from any other quarter.⁴ It is our duty to prevent them from that quarter. How can we do it?

This brings us to the third and last alternative. We can never cease opposing slavery until it ceases to exist. This the laws of Providence demonstrate. It is fate. The sacred crusade having once begun must go on to the end. The man who can scan the lessons of history, and then expect the agitating moral power of anti-slavery to withdraw from the field and extinguish itself, is no better than a fool. How, then, can we avert the rending catastrophe? There is but one way clean of blood. The Free States, by the legal exercise of their guaranteed rights under the Constitution, must assume the national government, and prevent the disruption of the Union

in behalf of slavery, as President Jackson prevented South Carolinian nullification. In the last general election, eleven hundred thousand votes were cast in the Slave States, twenty-nine hundred thousand in the Free States. Ought we not, then, to have the control of the national government? A slaveholder is unfit to fill any national representative office. Mr. Calhoun was made Secretary of State. How quickly he disgraced the country, and made the cheek of every honorable man in it burn with shame, by flaring an atrocious eulogy of slavery in the eyes of the nations! The civilization of the age, and our own compromised moral sensibility, command us to cry, No slavery propagandist in any governmental place! Let the offices of the country, from that of the president down to that of the tide-waiter, be filled scrupulously with men pledged to the interests of freedom and righteousness, as they are now filled with men generally devoted to the interests of slavery and partizanship, and there will be no further danger of disunion. The gigantic official patronage of the nation will no longer be prostituted to debanch the consciences, and buy the principles of our aspirants. The South, ever eager for offices, will grow considerate, allow the right of free discussion, begin to apprehend the true economical bearings of the question, and seek how to bring herself up to the standard of the rest of the country. And, perhaps, by soon obeying the voice of her brave Helper, and introducing the redemptive force of Northern institutions, she will quietly avert her "Impending Crisis." Our last duty, therefore in the Free States, is, by the ballots of a majority of the population, to grasp the government, and administer it fairly in the interests of truth and humanity. In such hands alone will the country be redeemed, and the Union be safe.

The Southern party in the North brand themselves with infamy by the audacious cry they keep up about the disunionist and incendiary spirit of the free-soil voters. They profess to monopolize the civil virtues. All others hate their country and their fellow-men. Precisely the same inversion of the truth was made in the sad early day of our Religion. Nero

in his cruel and crazy frolic of fiddling, set Rome on fire, and then accused the CHRISTIANS of it. And Tacitus says: "They were convicted less of this crime than of hatred of the human race!" * Nero and his pagans loved the human race! Christ and his followers hated the human race! Henry A. Wise and Franklin Pierce love justice, mercy, and mankind! Ralph Waldo Emerson and John G. Whittier love robbery and murder, and hate mankind! At least, following Tacitus, so teaches the Boston Courier, and the infallibility of that meek journal is well known. I did not know that American patriotism consisted in brawling at corrupt caucuses, screeching fiendishly for the flag, whether right or wrong, living on the public treasury, and threatening to deluge our streets and villages with fraternal blood rather than have that darling supply of salaried pap cut off. I thought patriotism sacrificed selfish interest, that its country might stand pure and honorable among men. I dreamed that the true patriot loved his country so well that he would keep his life clean and his tongue truthful, for her sake.

The slaveholders are steering the ship of state towards a reef. The freedom party wish to turn her into the safe channel. The slaveholders swear if it be done they will scuttle her. Their northern allies help them to keep her on her fatal course, crying "The Republicans mean to sink the ship." They desire but to rescue the ship from her mad pilots, preserve her from the reef, and guide her to her true haven. And these calumniators know it perfectly well.

The falsely named Conservative party of the North is mainly responsible for the spasms of terror and rage which have recently shot through the South, the fear and hate which, at the apparition of twenty armed men, for forty days and forty nights kept a great State pale and blustering, a half ludicrous, half pitiable spectacle. For that party have assured the South that this poor squad of heroic but misguided adventurers were supported by a large majority of the people of the North,

* Haud perinde in crimine incendi, quam odio humani generis, convicti sunt.—*Annal. lib xv: cap. xlvi.*

animated by an inexpressible desire for their destruction Dwelling, as the slaveholders do, in a magazine of explosive elements, no wonder they quake and are filled with rallying wrath when their pretended friends inform them that millions of the people of the Free States, with murderous malignity, are fomenting an insurrection among them, and are ready to march to its support with flags and cannon. Did he not know, when he said it, that he was eructing a naked lie huge enough to split any other throat, and virulent enough to blister any other lips?

Listen. "A part of the pulpit has set up among us a religion of hate, such as belongs only to the condemned devils in hell." "A band of drunken mutineers under the black flag of the pirate, with the death's head fore and aft, have seized the commonwealth, and are about to blow her up, with all she contains." "All the political influences dominant here are founded on the single emotion of treacherous, ferocious, fiendish hate of our fellow-citizens in the Southern States." This is the soothing message which the Conservative wealth, learning, respectability, and conscience of Massachusetts, in Faneuil Hall assembled, send out to the agitated half of the confederacy through the immaculate mouth of Caleb Cushing! A more outrageous slander was never uttered. A more inflammatory falsehood was never blown Southward. Caleb, Caleb, was ever the Presidency in this humor wooed? Was ever the Presidency in this humor won?

That meeting in Faneuil Hall was to be condemned because it accused the great majority of Northern voters of a treasonable purpose and a demoniacal sentiment they do not harbor, and are known not to harbor. Our dear and loyal New England stands by the Fathers, the honor, and the duty of America; and whenever confronted with her slave-breeding sisters, conscious of her innocence and good aims, she may proudly say to them, as noble Banquo said to the hags on the heath of Fores, "I neither beg nor fear your favors nor your hate." That meeting in Faneuil Hall commands not respect, because, stripped of verbiage and disguise, it really expressed

but three things, neither of which is moral, or dignified, or deserved such pomp and circumstance of expression. First, it said, timidly, “Gentlemen of the South, we are frightened, *we will compromise principle for peace*; put your feet on our necks!” Secondly, a little louder, it said, “Gentlemen of the South, some of us are holders of office, others are candidates for office, *and we want your votes*; put your feet on our necks!” And, thirdly, with a voice like multitudinous waters, it said, “Gentlemen of the South, *we want your trade and money*; please put your feet on our necks a little more!” Such selfish sycophancy is simply loathsome.

Is not the foreign slave-trade carried on by the South at this moment, with impunity,⁵ in defiance of the Constitution, in defiance of the civilized world, in defiance of decency, in defiance of God? Does a week pass in which some helpless traveller, pedler, or piano-forte tuner, is not subjected to the cowardly and brutal violence of a Southern mob because he expresses noble principles? Has not the price of five thousand dollars been set on William Lloyd Garrison by the State of Georgia these twenty-eight years past? Did not slaveholder Foote say to a New Hampshire Senator, in session of Congress, “Visit my constituents, and we will gibbet you on the nearest tree?” Did not the unhappy person who represented South Carolina try to murder a Massachusetts Senator in his seat? Did not slaveholder Davis say in the House of Representatives fourteen days ago,—“Virginia has hung the traitor Brown, and if they get hold of Seward they will hang him?”—hang, simply because he opposes slavery, the illustrious senator who ought to be the next President of the United States. Was not the reward of ten thousand dollars recently offered by responsible persons for the delivery of Joshua R. Giddings, in the city of Richmond, that a mob might tear and trample him? What have we ever done corresponding to these acts? Caleb Cushing, if we are animated by “the single emotion of treacherous, ferocious, fiendish hate,” what, in heaven’s name, must they be animated by?

“No, Gentlemen of the South”—thus would a Faneuil Hall

meeting, expressing the genuine feeling of the Freedom Party, say—"we do *not* hate you. We feel kindly towards you. We wish you all blessings. The anti-slavery sentiment is nourished by solemn convictions of conscience, allegiance to the welfare of the country, regard to the claims of mankind, and obedience to the will of God; and does not rest and feed on hatred of you. Oh, lay not that flattering unction to your souls. When Virginia sent over the Union her appeal for the relief of pestilence-stricken Norfolk, while from all the other Slave States she received only twelve thousand dollars, did we not send her forty-two thousand? You must discriminate the asserted malignity against yourselves, which we do not feel, from the undying hatred we cherish for slavery; an institution which sustains barbarism⁶ and mob law, is a sure source of strife and danger, destroys the sanctity of the mail, adopts the Austrian passport system, and tends equally to degrade its victims into animals, and to inflame its lords into fiends. Opposed to the iniquities of your *system*, we wish *you* well. We beseech you to refrain from those mobocratic acts, every one of which drives up to the heart, through the warm runnels of our blood, more fervor of anti-slavery conviction than a dozen ethical demonstrations would generate. Violence is a losing game for you, gentlemen! Sowing the wind of border-ruffianism in Kansas, did you not reap the whirlwind of John Brown at Harper's Ferry?—John Brown, the fifth lineal descendant of Peter Brown, who landed from the Mayflower on Plymouth Rock two hundred and thirty-nine years ago to-day! You strangled him, but could not strangle the power of the lessons he taught, nor the ideal shape of splendor which rose from his gallows to hover over the historied continent forever. As friends, we tell you you had better desist from your guilty advocacy. We implore you to put aside the braggadocio attitude and the fillibuster array by which you offend our moral sensibilities and disgrace us before mankind. We ask you to cause yourselves to be represented in the national councils by your cultivated Christian gentlemen, who will bring grammar in their brains and purity in their hearts; not by your vicious

braggarts and fanatics, with butcher knives in their bosoms and revolvers in their pockets.⁷ We invite you to grant us our rights as the majority, and fraternally to coöperate with us in prudent measures prospective to emancipation. Do this, and all will be well. But if you obstinately refuse, remember we are stronger than you, are in the right, and shall no longer submit to be driven by you." *That* is the true voice of the Free States.

We hate not the Slaveholders. We hate not the Union. But we do hate the sin which thrives in their shadow. And we say to them, "For God's sake cease to nourish it!" A French naturalist once saw, in the fastnesses of a mountain land, an enormous black serpent coiled at the foot of a cliff on whose summit was an eagle's nest, into which two of the serpent's young had crawled and destroyed the eggs. The eagle, suddenly returning, tore the intruders from his nest, flung them mangled away, and darted on the parent snake. The reptile twisted and struck at its assailant with its fangs. When the contest had continued for some time, the bruised and wearied snake sought to retreat into its hole; but the determined bird, planting himself before the entrance, guarded his body with one wing, while with the other he struck his enemy prostrate, and with one blow of his beak laid its head open—and the conflict was over. We say to slavery, Beware lest by straying beyond your home and attempting to thrust your offspring into the nest of the Public Territory, to suck the unhatched eggs of freedom there, you provoke the assault of the aroused Genius of the Republic.

We are also bound to rescue the general government from the Slave-Power, by the claims of consistency,⁸ as well as to prevent the otherwise threatened disunion and war. The inalienable right of every man to the pursuit and enjoyment of the blessings of existence, is the basis on which our country properly stands. We flaunt this principle on our great charter, and have proclaimed it to the whole earth. And now to stand up in the face of mankind and declare that we mean freedom and equality for ourselves, but abject bondage for those in our

power, is conduct so flagrant, it is no wonder our moral influence is neutralized, and our name a hissing. America is now represented before the world by that illicit Captain, who, when seized on the deck from which he had ordered two hundred manacled slaves to be hurled overboard in his flight, and beneath which were crowded five hundred more, had in his bosom a bowie-knife, bearing on one side the inscription, "THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE;" on the other side, "DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU!" If it be not our duty to reverse all this, why then there is no duty. Let us pledge ourselves to discharge the obligation. We can do it. We have nothing to give us distrust, either in Southern propagandists or Northern apologists. The allegiant East affiliating itself with the broad Middle States, and the generous North West, must put a stop to the fearful demoralization and political degeneracy of the country, and restore the nobler strain of the Fathers. Rescuing the administrative power of the land from its long perversion, and guiding its policy and patronage to issues of righteousness and liberty, the Freedom Party, if they will, can save the country and fulfil the hopes of mankind, showing that not even the most formidable league of falsehood and power can always avail to hide the omnipotence of justice, or

To fetter the Truth as she moves through the world
With her hand to the sword and her banner unfurled.

Friends, Citizens of the Free States! if we do our duty without flinching, civil strife, bloodshed and ruin will be forever averted. The national conscience will be thoroughly awakened, the public mind illuminated, the common heart touched. The brightening fires of truth and love will burn so intensely and so widely, that all fetters will melt, the collected corruptions of ages be consumed, the country agree with one consent to put an end to this evil thing, and the splendid vision of a Republic realizing the logical consequences of the Declaration of Independence, will emerge on the gaze of the world. Swiftly the time will speed forward when the enjoyment of the prerogatives of humanity shall be the universal birthright,

not the purchased privilege, of man. Then, as from the far-off and blackened peaks of the Past, the gathered generations, amid the meteor lights and crimson standards of war, with deadly weapons in their hands, shout across the intervening chasm, "*With a great sum obtained we this freedom,*" — from the green summits of the Present, the congregated multitudes, under the white flags of peace, and in the sweet smile of heaven, with implements of industry and symbols of plenty in their hands, shall cry, in glad and grateful response, "*But we were free-born.*"

A P P E N D I X.

APPENDIX OF ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

NOTE 1.

From the Boston Transcript of Dec. 5, 1859.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30th.

AUSTRIAN DESPOTISM INAUGURATED IN WASHINGTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRANSCRIPT:—

This city contains some 70,000 inhabitants, two-thirds of whom are from the free States, and not ten of whom own a slave; and yet from the character and conduct of the magistracy here, it would seem we are in the same condition of subserviency to the demands of slavery that exists in Richmond, Norfolk and elsewhere. Doctor Breed, of this city, a man not only friendly in his manners, but by profession a Friend, met last week in the room of another friend, Edward Stabler, Doctor Van Camp, to whom he was introduced for the first time. The conversation, after discussing spiritualism, psychology and other matters, fell upon John Brown and the Harper's Ferry foray. Doctor Van Camp having made quotations from a speech of Mr. Seward, declared "he would shoot any man who dared use such language in his presence." This was at once responded to by Dr. Breed saying that "he dared do it," and repeated the objectionable language. An angry dispute followed, but when ended, on taking leave, Dr. Breed shook hands with Dr. Van Camp; and he supposed that was the end of the affair. But not so. In the "States" paper there appeared an article, headed, "Have we a John Brown among us?" in which Dr. Breed was named as "ostensibly engaged as a Solicitor of Patents," and suggesting that "the police will probably be serving him as they have served others." Upon this palpable hint the magistracy moved, and Mr. Justice Donn issued a *special* warrant for his apprehension. Dr. Breed appeared, and demanded to know under what law he had been arrested.

The Justice replied, "There were no statutes in force in respect to sedition, but he believed a wide sweeping law of Maryland in view of probable breeches of peace would cover the case; that he looked on Dr. Breed as a dangerous man to a *Southern community*, and he was arraigned on the charge of seditious language inciting to rebellion." The result of this procedure was to bind Dr. Breed over in the sum of \$2000 for one year to keep the peace.

Now this matter is of some moment to the citizens of the free States gener-

ally who visit this city, unconscious that they are in a *Southern community*, and that language like that used by Dr. Breed will lay them open to arrest and imprisonment. Nothing is more common than to hear Southern men at the hotels talk ever so loudly of their deadly hostility of all Black Republicans; but whether the magistracy are perfectly satisfied of the peaceable and timid character of such men, or otherwise, no such man has ever been arrested.

But is Washington a Southern community? The population, wealth, talent and industry of the city is concentrated on the free men of the North—New England is largely represented here, and they owe it to their parentage that they should make themselves heard and respected here. As it is, they seem to me as *cornered* before the miserable handful of Southern office holders waiting temporarily here; men who enrich the city only to the extent of the salaries they receive and expend. And as for the daily press, it is absolutely muzzled.

This topic is one that cannot but interest Northern and Western men who visit this city, and who may be arrested in the cars by the armed men of Virginia ere they reach us. Witness the arrest of three merchants on their way to Baltimore, by spies of Gov. Wise at Harper's Ferry.

MASSACHUSETTS.

NOTE 2.

Singleton of Mississippi said, in Congress, Dec. 19, 1859:—

“If you exclude slavery from us, it will prove the disruption of every tie. We will have expansion of slavery in the Union or outside of it, if we must. The South have made up their minds to sustain slavery. We don't intend to be prescribed by present limits, and it will not be in the power of the North to coerce the 3,000,000 of freemen at the South with arms in their hands, and prevent their going into the surrounding territories.

“The South could expand to Mexico, that country being without government, and they could administer the estate for themselves. Whenever a man like Mr. Seward or Mr. Hale was elected to preside over the destinies of the South, there may be expected an undivided front in that direction, and all parties will be united in resistance to aggression. The only way to preserve the Union is to re-open the Territories to the South, on equal terms with the North. If the people make slave States, permit them to come into the Union as slave States. Execute the Fugitive Slave Law, and give the South the assurance that when their slaves run away, there will be no difficulty in the recovery of them.”

NOTE 3.

The South Carolina Legislature has just passed Resolutions recommending a union of the Slave States for secession, and appropriating ten (?) thousand dollars to arm itself. Is not that rather a small sum, Palmetto?

Mr. Singleton too has just avowed:

“If the Republicans elect Mr. Sherman, they will do it at the peril of sev-

ering the ties which bind us together, and the very moment they elect such a Speaker, I will not undertake to be responsible for the consequences. It will be considered by the South as adding insult to injury.

NOTE 4.

WHO ARE THE DISUNIONISTS.

Congress has now been in session two weeks, and men of all parties have avowed their sentiments in regard to the Union. Who has threatened or justified disunion?

C. C. Clay, an Administration Democrat.
 Alfred Iverson, an Administration Democrat.
 A. G. Brown, an Administration Democrat.
 Jeff. Davis, an Administration Democrat.
 W. M. Gwin, an Administration Democrat.
 L. M. Keitt, an Administration Democrat.
 M. J. Crawford, an Administration Democrat.
 J. M. L. Curry, an Administration Democrat.
 L. Q. C. Lamar, an Administration Democrat.
 Reuben Davis, an Administration Democrat.
 John J. McRae, an Administration Democrat.
 C. L. Vallandigham, an Administration Democrat.
 Roger G. Pryor, an Administration Democrat.
 Syd. Moore, an Administration Democrat.
 M. R. H. Garnett, an Administration Democrat.
 William Smith, an Administration Democrat.
 W. P. Miles, an Administration Democrat.

But *not a single Republican!*

These Disunionists have been rebuked by the Republican members. But their Democratic colleagues have not uttered a word in condemnation of their traitorous sentiments. On the contrary, they applaud and encourage them.

It is a note-worthy fact that the Union-Saving Meetings of the Northern cities, although they lavish censure on men who have been loyal to the Union all their lives, *do not utter a single word of rebuke to these disunionists!* — *Albany Eve. Journal.*

NOTE 5.

[From the Weekly News of April 14th, 1859, published at Enterprise, Miss.)

TO SHIP OWNERS AND MASTERS OF OUR MERCANTILE MARINE.

We, the undersigned, will pay three hundred dollars (300,) per head for one thousand (1000,) native Africans, between the ages of fourteen (14) and

twenty (20) years, (of sexes equal.) (likely, sound and healthy.) to be delivered within twelve (12) months from this date at some point which is accessible by land, between the ports of Pensacola, Florida, and Galveston, Texas. The contractors giving thirty (30) days' notice as to the time and place of delivery; or we will pay fifty (\$50) dollars extra if delivered to us at Enterprise, Clark county, Miss.

Wm. S. Price, Sen.,	A. V. Wolverton,
Wm. Tom. Smith,	Joseph Borden,
George W. Doby,	James M. Hand,
A. Perrymann,	George W. Freeman,
Reese Price, Sen.,	J. L. George,
Abram Carr,	Samuel R. Oliphant,
Thomas Wolverton,	Wm. Marshall,
Samuel W. Howze,	James W. Winn,
Wm. S. Price, Jr.	James M. Parks.

April 10, 1859.

That we will meet the above, reference is made to the following houses in Mobile, Ala.: Boykin & McRae; Tate, Stewart & Co., G. Goode, Patrick Irwin & Co., G. P. Kelly.

We who have signed this advertisement, profess to be law-abiding citizens, but cannot respect any act purporting to be law, which we believe to be unconstitutional, as such we esteem that which interdicts the slave trade either domestic or foreign.

They are regarded as merchandise and slaves here, and in their native country by their brethren; the latter condition is forbidden by Divine Law, but the same law says to the Hebrews, You *shall* enslave the heathen around you, and they *shall* be a perpetual inheritance for your children. We have never known Africans semi-civilized but by our plan of the American institution of domestic slavery.

We feel that great mutual benefits have, and are flowing from the institution, and esteem it a duty to extend the privileges of becoming semi-civilized to the other of Africa's degraded race, by mingling, at least, a like number with the four millions now among us, that reciprocal benefits may result.

NOTE 6.

The following horrible but voluntary statement was made by a correspondent of the Frederick (Maryland) *Herald*, in regard to the Harper's Ferry tragedy:—

“ The dead lay in the streets, and in the river, and were subjected to every indignity that a wild and madly excited people could heap upon them.

“ Curses were freely uttered against them, and kicks and blows inflicted upon them. The huge mulatto that shot Mr. Turner, was lying in the gutter in front of the arsenal, with a terrible wound in his neck, and though dead and

gory, vengeance was unsatisfied, and many, as they *ran sticks into his wounds or beat him with them*, wished that he had a thousand lives that all of them might be forfeited in expiation and avengement of the foul deed he had committed.

“ Leeman lay upon the rock upon the river, and was made a target for the practice of those who had captured Sharp’s rifles in the fray. Shot after shot was fired at him, and when tired of this *sport*, a man waded out to where he lay, and *set him up, in grotesque attitudes*, and finally pushed him off, and he floated down the stream. His body and that of Thompson, which was also in the water, were subsequently brought to shore, and were buried, as were all of them, except a few which were taken by some physicians. It may be thought that there was cruelty and barbarity in this; but the state of the public mind had been frenzied by the outrages of these men; and being outlaws, were regarded as food for carrion birds, and *not as human creatures.*”

NOTE 7.

From the Boston Courier, Dec. 19, 1859.

The United States House of Representatives is still unorganized. The chief business of each session is Southern abuse of the Republican Representatives, who sit in silence. Nearly all the members are armed, and it is estimated that during the past week the loaded revolvers in the pockets of “honorable members” were equal to one thousand shots. This is a sad state of things.

NOTE 8.

The following extract from Victor Hugo’s letter on John Brown, shows how the free States are compromised by slavery, and how America appears to the noblest men in Europe:—

“ Such things are not done with impunity in the face of the civilized world. The universal conscience of mankind is an ever-watchful eye. Let the judges of Charlestown, and Hunter, and Parker, and the slave-holding jurors, and the whole population of Virginia, ponder it well; they are seen. They are not alone in the world. At this moment the gaze of Europe is fixed on America.

“ The executioner of Brown, let us avow it openly, (for the day of the kings is past, and the day of the people dawns, and to the people we are bound frankly to speak the truth)—the executioner of Brown would be neither the attorney Hunter, nor the judge Parker, nor the Governor Wise, nor the State of Virginia; it would be, we say it, and we think it with a shudder, the whole American republic.

“ The more one loves, the more one admires, the more one reveres the republic, the more heart-sick one feels at such a catastrophe. A single State

ought not to have the power to dishonor all the rest, and in this case Federal intervention is a clear right. Otherwise, by hesitating to interfere when it might prevent a crime, the Union becomes an accomplice. No matter how intense may be the indignation of the generous Northern States, the Southern States associate them with the disgrace of this murder. All of us, whosoever we may be—for whom the democratic cause is a common country—feel ourselves in a manner compromised and hurt.

“When we reflect on what Brown, the liberator, the champion of Christ, has striven to effect, and when we remember that he is about to die, slaughtered by the American republic, the crime assumes the proportions of the nation which commits it; and when we say to ourselves that this nation is a glory of the human race: that—like France, like England, like Germany—she is one of the organs of civilization; that she sometimes even outmarches Europe by the sublime audacity of her progress; that she is the queen of an entire world; and that she bears on her brow an immense light of freedom; we affirm that John Brown will not die, for we recoil, horror-struck, from the idea of so great a crime committed by so great a people.

“As for myself, though I am but an atom, yet being, as I am, in common with all other men, inspired with the conscience of humanity, I kneel in tears before the great starry banner of the new world, and with clasped hands, and with profound and filial respect, I implore the illustrious American Republic, sister of the French Republic, to look to the safety of the universal moral law, to save Brown, to throw down the threatening scaffold of the 16th December, and not to suffer that, beneath its eyes, and I add, with a shudder, almost by its fault, the first fratricide be outdone.

“For—yes, let America know it and ponder it well—there is something more terrible than Cain slaying Abel—it is Washington slaying Spartacus.”

“Hauteville House, Dec. 2, 1859.”



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